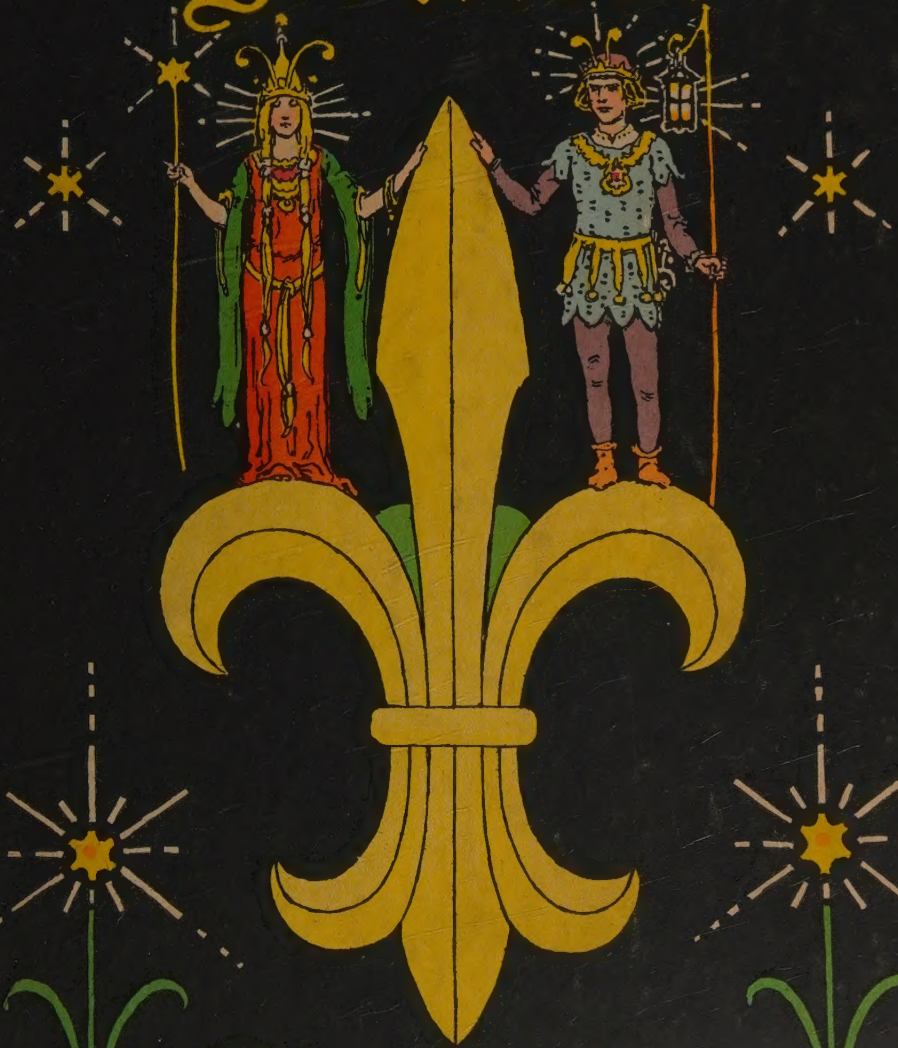
Fairy Tales from France

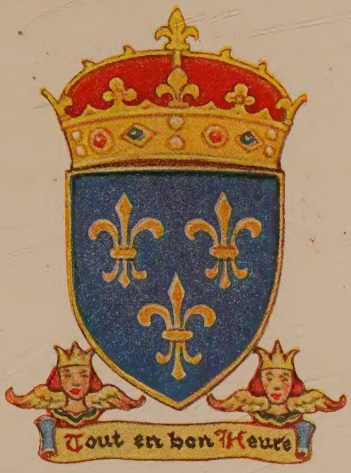


Adapted by
W. T. Larned

Les Fées patûrent les Lièvres

JR

Fairy-Tales from France



Fairy-Tales from France

Retold by William Trowbridge Larned

Illustrations in Full Color by John Rae

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Twentieth Edition

Dedication:-

To

All Good Children who Believe in Fairies

With Greetings from the Homeland of Cinderella.

For those who love Fairy Stories

MANY of the best-loved fairy stories were first told in France, about two hundred years ago. The world is a large place, and the fairies had the choice of all lands in which to live. Some chose England and Ireland, others went to Italy and elsewhere; but the ones who became most famous found a home in France. Why they favored France we cannot really and truly say. It could scarcely have been the climate—a fairy does not care one bit how hot or how cold it is; whether it blows or whether it snows. That is why they are such good fun—no fairy was ever known to talk to one about the weather.

Our own private opinion is that the cleverest fairies went to France because they felt at home there. The French children, for one thing, *believed* in them; and, to the life of a fairy, *that* is the most necessary thing of all. If there were such a horrid thing as fairy *statistics* (thank heaven, there is *not*), the figures would show that thousands and thousands of fairies had drooped and died because hard-headed, hard-hearted people had no faith in them. Yes, there really are such people; if we still have fairy stories, it is no credit to *them!*

Or, perhaps some of the brightest fairies went to France because such bright people were there to write about them. Judge for yourself when you read the stories in this book. Who is better known or better loved than "Cinderella?" Was there ever anything more wonderful than "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood?" The writer who told their stories was a Frenchman—Charles Perrault. But though he wrote them down in the fascinating way of French writers, he did not make them up "out of his head." Not at all. The stories were first told him by his little boy, who had heard them from his old nurse, who had heard them from a much older nurse. All the children's nurses had known them for ever so

long—so very long ago that no one can tell just where the nurses got them—unless of course you believe the most likely thing, and the simplest: which is, to be sure, that the nurses heard them from the lips of the fairies themselves. The longer you think this over, the more you wonder how *some* people can be so stupid as not to see this at once.

Charles Perrault wrote other things, too—things for grown-ups, that made quite a stir at the time. But nobody reads them now; and everybody reads the stories the fairies told the oldest nurse, who told the younger old nurse, who told the little boy, who told his father.

Then there was Mme. d'Aulnoy. She wrote a novel nobody remembers, and some sort of history best forgot; and then people forgave her because she wrote a great thick book of fairy stories—the kind that make children say when they hear one: "O, do please tell us another, and then we'll go right to bed." When you read "The King's Messenger," you will want to read, right away, "The King of the Peacocks," too.

Finally, there was Mme. Leprince de Beaumont, who lived to be seventy years old, and wrote seventy books. Many of these were interesting, but the best of them was the book of the fairies, from which we have taken "Prince Darling" and "The Three Wishes."

But Perrault was the prince of them all. He lived in the time of the poet, La Fontaine, who composed such charming Fables, and who hastened to say, after reading a Perrault story: "What pleasure would be mine if *I* had written that!"

But now we know you are eager to begin.

WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED.

New York City, March 15, 1920

« Il y avait une fois..

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood

ONCE there was a King and Queen who lived in such a lovely marble palace, with so much to amuse them and with so many things to delight the eye and ear, that one might suppose they were perfectly happy and could wish for nothing more. Yet when others were merry, they would sometimes feel sad and lonely; and this was because they had no children.

Imagine, then, how great was the rejoicing when at last their prayers were answered with the birth of a little daughter.

The christening of such a Princess was of course an occasion to be celebrated in a manner becoming to royalty. The most important thing of all was to invite as many fairies as could be found in all the kingdom, and ask them to act as godmothers.

A fairy godmother, you know, is just as different from an ordinary godmother as can be. An ordinary godmother gives her godchild a silver cup, or perhaps a napkin ring; once in a while she even remembers its birthday—but this is only when

the godmother has a *very* good memory. Consider, then, what it means to have a fairy for a godmother. Instead of a silver cup, which you seldom use after you are six years old, she makes you a gift of great beauty, or good luck, or a sweet temper, or whatever she thinks you need the most—something that cannot break or wear out, and will last you a lifetime.

Now, the kingdom in which the little Princess was born was a favorite dwelling place for fairies. No less than seven were found, and all seven promised to come to the banquet to be served in the palace after the Princess had been baptized. Seven places at the table were therefore especially prepared. At each place was spread a beautiful cloth embroidered by the ladies of the court; on this was set a solid gold case containing a knife, fork and spoon inlaid with diamonds and rubies.

The fairies took their seats at the banquet table in excellent good humor; the King smiled, and nodded to the Queen. Everything was going beautifully.

Alas! At this moment an old fairy who had not been invited walked into the room, leaning on her crutch. Everyone had supposed she was either dead or enchanted, for she had not left her tower for more than fifty years. However, here she was; and the King was much put out, because only seven gold cases had been made. All haste was made to arrange a place for her, and the King himself assisted her to her seat, apologizing for the mistake and offering her his own golden plate, with the royal monogram. But the old fairy accepted these attentions with a sour smile. She believed she had been slighted, and sat down mumbling and grumbling between her teeth.

Hearing her muttered threats, the youngest fairy present quietly rose from the table at the first opportunity, and hid herself behind the tapestry. There she planned to stay, so

that if the old fairy was up to some mischief she herself might do what she could to repair the evil.

Presently the fairies began to bestow their gifts. The first to speak promised great beauty to the Princess; the second, that she would have the disposition of an angel; the third, that her least motion would be graceful; the fourth, that she would dance perfectly; the fifth, that she would sing like a nightingale; the sixth, that she would play with ease all kinds of musical instruments.

Then the old fairy arose, and said in a voice trembling with rage: "My gift to the Princess is that, some day, seated at the spinning-wheel, she will pierce her hand with the spindle, and fall down dead!"

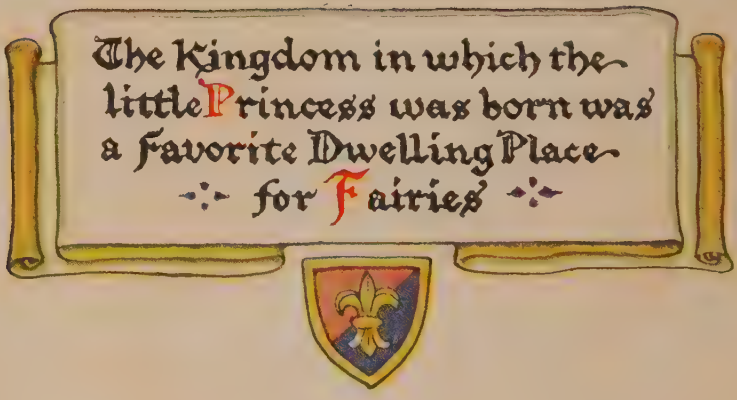
At this terrible speech, the faces of the ladies grew white; some of them fainted, and were borne from the banquet hall.

"Stay!" exclaimed a silvery voice. "*My* gift is yet to be bestowed."

It was the youngest fairy who spoke. Coming from her hiding place behind the tapestry, and advancing a little so that everyone could hear her, she continued:

"Take heart, O King and Queen; your daughter shall not die. True, I have not the power wholly to undo the evil that this wicked old fairy has predicted. But I can make the misfortune that will overtake the Princess much less terrible in its consequences. She will pierce her hand with a spindle. But instead of dying, she will only fall into a deep sleep lasting a hundred years; and at the end of that time the son of a King will come to awaken her."

Even this seemed a great calamity; so the King determined to do what he could to prevent the prophecy from coming to pass. It was with the spinning wheel that the people of those days spun the flax and wool that were made into garments and linen; without a spindle the wheel was useless. But there was no help for it. The King issued his command,


The Kingdom in which the
little Princess was born was
a favorite Dwelling Place
for Fairies

which everyone cheerfully obeyed for the sake of the little Princess, that from that day forth no one in his kingdom should use, or even own, such a thing as a spindle. So the wheels stopped turning, and all the linen and the woolen cloth were brought from another country. The old fairy had certainly worked a great mischief.

So the years passed, till the Princess was sixteen—the most beautiful and accomplished maiden in all the world. The promises made by the six fairy godmothers had been fulfilled. Her temper was angelic, her graceful walk and carriage a pattern for the court. Dancing, in which she delighted, seemed especially invented to display the ease and harmony of her movements. As for music, it was with her a kind of language: with voice and violin, with harp and spinet, she thrilled the hearts of all who heard her.

It happened one day that in the absence of the King and Queen, with many of the court attendants, the Princess took a notion to explore the castle. So much ground did it cover, so royally was it planned, that a stranger might easily lose his way in seeking to pass from one wing to another. There were passages the Princess had never entered, rooms she could not find without a guide. She was tempted especially to climb a certain steep and winding stairway. Why not? No one had forbidden her. Perhaps it would lead her to the top of the tallest tower, from which she could look out over the country for miles and miles.

Up and up she went, and came quite breathless at last to a little door. She paused, then lifted the latch and went in. What was her surprise to see there a little old woman, almost bent in two, sitting before a funny little wheel that went round and round. The Princess, always polite to old persons, dropped a curtsy. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am spinning, my dear," answered the old woman, giving her a sharp look.

"What do you mean by spinning?" asked the Princess, innocently. "Could I do it, too? Pray let me try."

Now, this little old woman was the wicked fairy, who had long waited her chance to make good the evil prophecy she had made concerning the Princess. The time had come.

"To be sure you can. Sit down," she told her.

The young girl seated herself, and began; the next moment she pricked her hand with the spindle, and fell to the floor unconscious.

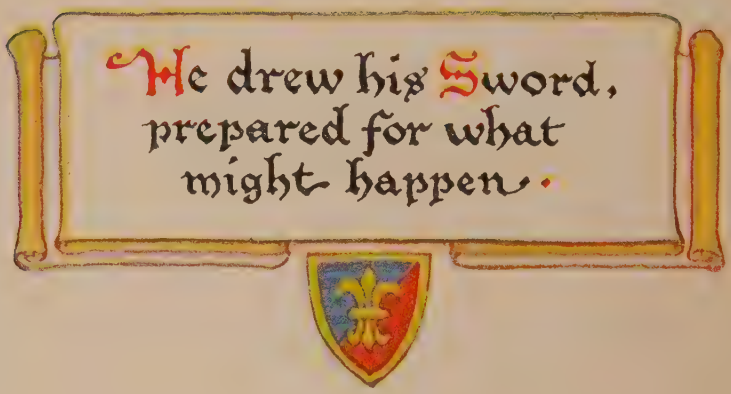
A few minutes later the King, returning to the palace, met a little old woman, hobbling along with a crutch. There was something so evil in her face that he drew to one side; whereupon she plunged into a thicket and disappeared. Feeling ill at ease, he knew not why, the King hastened to the palace ahead of the others. His daughter always came to meet him; this time she was not there. He dispatched a page to look for her, but she could not be found. An hour passed, a thorough search was begun; then at last they discovered her.

"No," said the court physician to the distracted King and Queen. "The Princess is not dead. See the color in her cheeks. You can hear her heart faintly beating. She seems to be asleep."

"Asleep!" echoed the King. "The wicked fairy has done this. It was she I passed on the road. My daughter is not dead, but she is lost to me; she will sleep for a hundred years."

So they carried her to the most beautiful apartment of the palace, and laid her, fully attired, on a bed embroidered in gold and silver. There, in repose, her face took on the look of an angel. It was just as the court physician said: her coral lips, her complexion tinted with the color of the rose, the delicate blue veins of the eyelids softly closed in slumber, proclaimed that she was not dead.

"I shall close the palace," said the King, "and leave her


He drew his Sword,
prepared for what
might happen.

here alone, with nothing to disturb her dreams. Here she will await the hour of her awakening."

As he spoke there came into the room the young fairy whose presence at the christening had saved the life of the Princess.

"You have done well," she said to the King, "in planning to leave the palace. And now, in order that no one may disturb her, I shall cast a spell over everything. Behold!"

With her wand she touched everyone in the palace except the King and Queen. She touched the governesses, the maids of honor, the chambermaids, the gentlemen and officers, the stewards, kitchen-boys and cooks, the guards, porters, pages and footmen. She touched also the horses and their grooms in the stables, the great watchdogs in the courtyard and little Puff, the pet dog of the Princess, who lay beside her on the bed. No sooner had she touched them than they all fell sound asleep, wherever they happened to be—to sleep while the Princess slept, and be at hand to serve her when she woke. Stranger still, the roasts hanging before the fire and even the fire itself, fell asleep as it were. All this was done in a moment, for fairies waste no time.

Then the King and Queen, having kissed their dear child tenderly, set out alone from the palace; and the King prepared to make a proclamation forbidding all persons to approach it. This, however, was unnecessary. In a quarter of an hour, brambles and thorn-bushes sprang up like magic in the park around the palace, hedging it in with spikes and branches so closely interwoven that neither man nor beast could force an entrance through. Great trees, too, grew till they formed a forest, screening the palace from view, so that one standing a long way off could see nothing but the tops of the towers. The young fairy, it was plain, had played another clever trick: no busybody could bother, in all the years to come, the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

So the Princess slept on. In course of time, the King and Queen and all the people of the kingdom passed away. Little children grew to men and women, with children of their own; and these in turn were the fathers and mothers of a new generation. The palace in the wood came to be almost forgotten, and the story of the Sleeping Beauty was remembered only by the few.

When a hundred years had gone, the son of a King who ruled the neighboring country rode hunting through the hills with a company of gentlemen. Pausing for a moment to rest his horse, his eye was attracted by the top of a tower rising from a thick forest some miles away.

"Look!" he said to his comrades. "What castle can that be? It seems strange that I never should have heard of it."

"I have been told," said one of the company, "that it is an old ruined castle haunted by ghosts."

"All the witches in the country," spoke another, "are said to hold their midnight revels there."

"Others say," remarked a third, "that a giant lives there who robs the country people of their sheep and cattle. He is safe from pursuit, because no one else knows the secret passage through the thorns and briars. Not even a rabbit could creep between them."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Prince. "Here is a fine mystery that I would like to penetrate. But it may be only idle gossip. There comes a peasant. I'll see what he has to say."

"Sire," answered the peasant, when the Prince had questioned him, "no one really knows what is hidden within that wood. But my grandfather is a truthful man, and I have heard him say that long, long ago, the most beautiful Princess in the world lived in the palace there, and fell into a sleep that was to last a hundred years, from which she would be awakened by the son of a King. As well as I can figure it out, the end of her enchantment is not far off."

"Do you hear that?" cried the Prince, who was as brave as he was handsome. "Something tells me that I am the one for whom the Princess awaits. Come what may, I mean to force my way through that thicket, and put an end to the mystery."

Saying this, he put spurs to his horse, and was off like an arrow, leaving the others to follow him as best they could. Soon he reached the edge of the forest, where, dismounting from his horse, he drew his sharp hunting-knife, to cut a passage. To his amazement, however, the brambles and branches parted before him, making an avenue along which he easily advanced. At the end of this avenue he could see the palace, and he turned in triumph to wave his hand to his followers. But once more he was amazed. The brambles and branches that had parted so quickly to let him through were now grown together as before. He could hear his comrades call to him, and knew they were alarmed for his safety; so he put his lips to his hunting-horn, and gave a loud, merry blast. Then he peered eagerly ahead, and drew his sword —prepared for what might happen.

Nothing happened. The echoes of the horn gradually died away; the silence seemed greater than before. This place was as still as death.

"Ho, ho!" shouted the Prince. It would have pleased him better to see some sign of life. But there was no reply. Again he advanced. Ha! what was that? Just before him stood a huge mastiff, with open jaws that displayed his great white fangs. The sword point came into play, but the watchdog did not stir. Looking alive, it seemed as if he had suddenly been turned to stone.

"What next?" said the Prince to himself. At that moment he almost bumped into a man. It was, in fact, one of the porters, with a cup of wine raised almost to his lips. Yet, standing there, rather unsteadily, he was, it would seem,

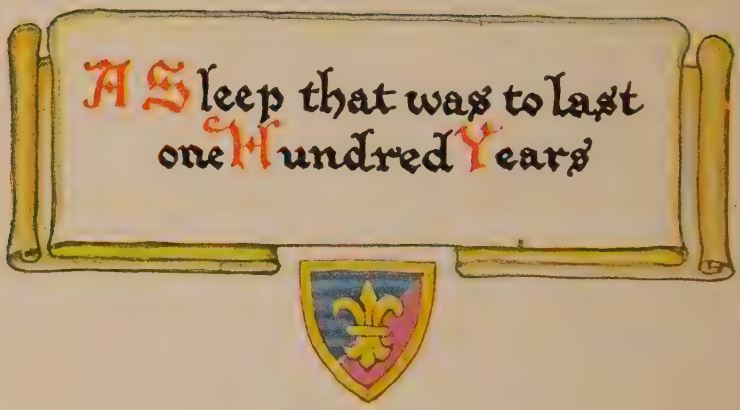
neither awake nor dead. "No," said the Prince, "he is certainly not dead."

He made his way into the inner court, paved with marble; he mounted the staircase. No one barred his way. Then entering the hall of the guards, he saw a strange sight. There was a company of men, each standing with musket on shoulder, ranged along the wall; and from the nose of each came a familiar sound. They were snoring.

Any noise seemed a cheerful noise to the Prince, where everything was so strangely silent. He made his way to the reception room, where some ladies and gentlemen of the court had been passing the time pleasantly—a hundred years ago. There they still were, in various attitudes. One gallant, in bejewelled cloth-of-gold, was bowing low before a lady as he kissed her hand. A little beyond was a page, strumming a guitar from which no music issued. Over at one side, seated at a little writing table, was a romantic-looking lady —her pen poised over the paper, her eyes turned toward the ceiling as she searched for the right word. It was evidently a love-letter; and in love-letters the right words that mean enough have always been hard to find. Or perhaps she knew the word, but did not know how to spell it—which was even more trying still in those times when they had no dictionaries.

"Poor thing!" said the Prince. "Why take such pains? Probably your sweetheart knows not how to spell it, either."

He would have gladly helped her, being a master of such matters; but unfortunately she was sound asleep. Then a painful thought arose in his mind. He had not yet seen the Princess. When he found her—if there really *was* a Princess —what would *she* be doing? Would she, too, be writing a love-letter? He cast a jealous eye toward the handsome young page with the guitar, who had his head thrown back and his mouth wide open. What had he been singing? A love-song, no doubt. But to whom?


A Sleep that was to last
one Hundred Years

Tortured by these thoughts, the Prince mounted the main staircase, and began to search in earnest. He passed from room to room—some of them quite empty. In one of them was a young fop of a fellow, all alone, practicing a dance step before a tall mirror. He looked so ridiculous, with his arms balancing and one foot up in the air—yet sound asleep like the others, that the Prince began to laugh. He passed along the hall, almost stumbling on a kitten fallen asleep in the act of chasing her tail. And then—

A door stood open: through it he caught a glimpse of a lovely apartment hung with royal tapestry from the most famous looms of France. Sunshine sifting through the windows bathed it all in a kind of magic splendor. With beating heart and eager eyes, he stepped softly across the threshold, took a step forward, and then paused—entranced with the wondrous vision that met his gaze.

There, on a canopied couch, with curtains parted, reposed a girl of sixteen. Youth, innocence, goodness, beauty, high-breeding—all these qualities were united in a countenance such as the Prince never before had looked upon. It seemed as if in her long sleep her soul had held communion with the angels in heaven, and shone through her mortal frame with something of their celestial radiance.

"Can it be the Princess," murmured the King's son, "or is this some lovely creature from the land of spirits, who will perhaps fade away and vanish at my touch?"

Long he looked at her, wondering. As he looked, the Princess stirred slightly; her coral lips parted, uttering a word he could not hear. Venturing to her side—fearful yet that she would vanish before his eyes, he stood with hat in hand and gazed at her once more. Again the red lips parted, and the dreamer spoke.

"My Prince," she murmured. "Ah, but you are long in coming!"

"It is she!" cried the King's son, in an ecstasy of joy. "Princess, behold me! I am here!"

With that he bent over her, ever so tenderly, and gently kissed her forehead.

Then the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood opened her wonderful eyes, that looked into his own with a message needing no words.

"You are come, my Prince," she said. "Pray assist me to arise."

With her awakening, all the palace came to life. Up sprang little Puff, active as ever, and licked his mistress' hand. Down in the courtyard the big dogs barked bow-wow. The horses neighed in their stables. Broad daylight as it was, the cocks began to crow, and an old hen that had laid an egg just a hundred years ago, and had fallen asleep before she could celebrate it, now behaved as crazily as only a hen can.

As for the people suddenly aroused from a century of slumber, it was altogether droll. A moment before one might have taken them for a collection of wax figures modeled by a master showman. Now they all opened their eyes. The nodding guardsmen ceased snoring, glanced suspiciously at one another, and stood up straight as pokers. The romantic-looking lady no longer searched the ceiling for a pretty word; probably she had found the right one in her dreams. The handsome young page began to sing and play. It *was* a love-song, as the prince had suspected, but the song was addressed to a lady several years older than the page, who was just turned seventeen.

The married ladies and gentlemen all awoke with the same thought: they were hungry as could be, and wanted their dinner. A little fat old lady, playing cards with her husband, blinked her eyes and, looking at him with a comical expression, exclaimed: "Dear me! I think I must have been napping!"

Gradually, they all learned the truth. Asleep for a hundred years. Each one looked at a neighbor: had the sleepers grown wrinkled with age? Little murmurs of alarm arose from the ladies; skirts rustled and heels clicked as they ran to the nearest mirrors, to make sure. What a relief! Their long fast and their sound sleep had made them seem even younger than before.

Soon it was whispered around that the King's son had broken the enchantment, and had come to claim the Princess for his bride. True enough! Attendants began spreading the banquet table for the wedding feast; pages ran here and there; the musicians took up their instruments, and the halls were flooded with melody.

In came the Prince, with the Princess leaning on his arm. She was now a Queen in her own right, and he would be her King. At the same moment appeared the young fairy; with a wave of her wand, the great hall bloomed as a garden of flowers, with fountains sending forth jets of perfumed water, while birds with scarlet and golden plumage sang sweetly on the boughs.

Thus were they married by the court chaplain, with the fairy for a bridesmaid; and all the people cried out: "Long live the young King and our beautiful Queen!"

The Three Wishes

ONCE upon a time there was a woodcutter and his wife who lived in a hut at the edge of a great forest. They had food enough to eat, clothes enough to keep them warm, and plenty of wood to burn in the big fireplace by which they sat of an evening when their day's work was done. Besides this, they were fond of each other, and were never known to quarrel in all the years of their married life.

However, they were by no means happy; and this was because their neighbors lived in better houses, wore finer clothes, and had more money to spend.

"It's really too bad," said the woodcutter to his wife, as they sat by the big open fire one cold winter's evening. "I swing my axe from morning to night, month in and month out; and all it brings us is food and shelter, and a little money laid by to keep us out of the poor-house in our old age."

"It *is* hard," said she, "when you think how some other people can spend so much money in foolish pleasures. If I

had the tenth part of what they throw away, you could hold up your head with the best of them."

"You are always thinking of me," answered her husband. "But it's not myself I had in mind. I was thinking how much prettier you are than any of the fine ladies in the village, and what a figure you would cut, dressed up in silks and laces. Ah, me! If it were only the good old times, when fairies still lived in the forest."

No sooner had he said this than the room was filled with a wonderful, soft light—unlike any light in the world. It shone from a jewel in the hair of a lovely creature who suddenly appeared from nowhere, holding in her hand the wand that fairies always carry.

"Behold in me," she said with a sweet smile, "the Fairy of the forest. Once in a hundred years I am permitted to appear to human beings who have need of me, and to grant them three wishes. I know you are good and deserving, and so I must warn you that getting the things you wish for does not always make you happy. However, if you are sure that you can make a wise choice, it is for you to decide."

The woodcutter could hardly believe his ears. "Trust us," he managed to say, "to make good use of such a wonderful opportunity. Who but a fool could fail to profit by it?"

"Alas!" said the Fairy. "Wiser men than you have wished for things they were better far without. Be careful, then; for when you have made three wishes, you cannot have another."

Saying this, she vanished.

The woodcutter's wife had remained dumb with astonishment; but now she found her tongue.

"Three wishes!" she cried out, joyfully. "*That* is easily managed. If we were rich, and the king made you a knight, and I was the most beautiful woman in the world—what more could we possibly want?"

"Wait a bit," cautioned her husband. "It is not so simple as it seems. With all those things, one might be sick, or crippled, or die young. It would be much wiser to wish for health, strength, and the joy of a long life."

"No, no! Not at all!" insisted the woman. "What would be the use of a long life if we were always poor? That would only be wishing to be unhappy for a longer time. I begin to see that it is not so easy, after all. Ten wishes would not be too many if we want to make sure."

"True enough," agreed the woodcutter. "But we have only three. So what we must do is to think it over carefully and then ask for the three things we need the most."

"Very well!" said his wife. "But we have let the fire die down, and I feel cold."

Taking up the poker, she stirred the coals, and pretty soon the logs were crackling merrily.

"What a fine fire!" she exclaimed. Then she added, without thinking: "I wish we had a nice big sausage in the house. I could cook it here on the hearth in a few minutes."

No sooner had she uttered these words, than down the chimney, on to the hearth, fell a link of sausage a yard long.

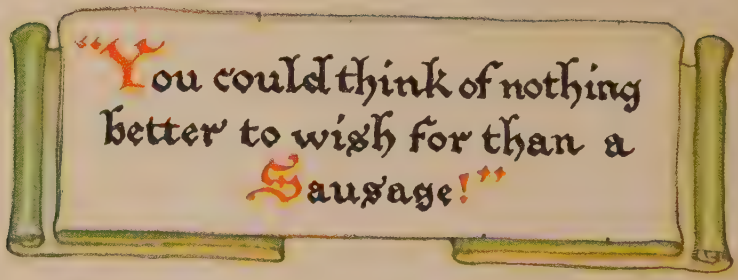
The poor woman was much alarmed. "Oh, what have I done?" she cried.

"You may well say, 'What have I done?' " answered her husband, angrily. It was the first time he had ever spoken harshly to her. "Glutton that you are, you could think of nothing better to wish for than a sausage!"

He walked up and down the room, in great excitement.

"I am so provoked at your stupidity," he went on, not realizing what he said, "that I wish the sausage was hanging to your nose."

The next moment he bitterly repented his unkindness. For the sausage rose up from the hearth as if by magic, and fastened itself to his wife's nose; and there it hung—a sorry


"You could think of nothing better to wish for than a Sausage!"

sight indeed! In vain they both tried to remove it. The ugly thing seemed to be as much a part of her face as if it had always grown there.

The unhappy woman began to weep. "I did a foolish thing," she sobbed. "But just see what *you* have done. Now I am deformed for life, and will be ashamed to go out of the house and let the neighbors see what a fright I am. Oh, it was cruel of you to wish that sausage on to my nose!"

The woodcutter tried to soothe her. "You are right," he said. "It was both cruel and wicked of me to do such a thing. That's what comes of losing one's temper, and speaking without thinking. However, what is done is done; and we must make the best of it. Remember, we still have one wish left. So I shall wish for great riches, and you will never have to worry any more."

"But what about the sausage?" said she. "Do you think *that* is nothing to worry about? If it was hanging to *your* nose it would not seem such a simple matter."

"We could cover it with a beautiful silk case," suggested her husband. "And then you might wrap it around your neck, so it would not be in your way, and nobody would notice it much."

"Never!" cried his wife, rising and going toward the door. "I would far rather be dead. Let *me* make the third wish, or I'll run out into the dark forest, where the wolves will eat me."

The woodcutter saw she really meant it.

"Well," he said, "if the good Fairy's visit was all in vain, I must admit that I am even more to blame than you are. So make the third wish to suit yourself."

His wife lost no time in taking him at his word. "I wish this sausage would fall from my nose," she said. Whereupon, down fell the sausage on the floor.

Husband and wife looked at each other a moment, and then burst out laughing. The wife was the first to speak:

"The Fairy was mocking us," she declared; "and it has taught us a good lesson—to take things as they come, and to be content with what we have."

"You are right," agreed the woodcutter. "Besides, you know we still have the sausage. Let us have supper."

So they supped merrily on the sausage. And a very good sausage it was.

The Magic Whistle

THERE was once a king's daughter so amiable, so clever and so beautiful that to find a husband worthy of her was no easy matter. Many suitors came to court her, but not one of these found favor in the king's eyes. The handsome young men were too stupid, the brilliant young men too ugly or too ill-tempered; and the only one of them all who was handsome, brilliant and amiable, stuttered so badly that it took him ten minutes and seventeen seconds by the king's watch to say, "I love you, Princess."

"Odds bodikins!" exclaimed the King. He always said this when he was more annoyed than usual. "Odds bodikins! Let the heralds go forth and blow their trumpets! Let the messengers ride hence, and proclaim my promise that he who is worthy of the Princess shall share my kingdom!"

Having made this magnificent promise, he could not break his word. "However," he said to himself, "you may be sure that the man who shares my kingdom will have to do some things no man ever did before."

So he sat on his throne to think. And for three whole days and three whole nights he sat there thinking, with his royal head in his hands. At last he was satisfied, and he rose from his throne with a smile.

Then a trumpet blew; and there on the lawn before the palace were twenty brave young men, from near and far—all eager to contest for the great prize.

"The Princess," explained the King, "will fling a golden apple in the air, as far as she can throw it, and the man among you who is skillful enough to catch it will be given three tasks to perform."

So the Princess stood on the balcony, holding the golden apple high above her head. Then suddenly she flung it in the air with all her strength.

Now, all the young men but one had rushed forward when she raised her hand; and the apple soared high above their reach. They tried to run backward, but they only tripped and fell; while the handsomest youth among them all, who had stood a little way back from the others, leaped forward with a graceful movement, and caught the golden fruit in both his hands.

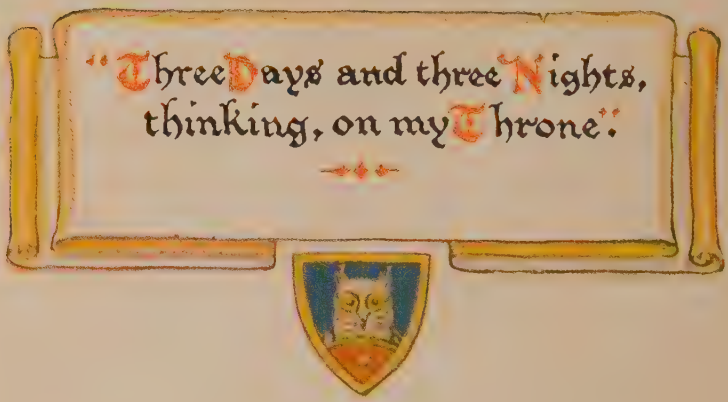
The King looked at him, and started. "Odds bodikins!" he said to his daughter. "This youth who so cleverly caught the apple is Jean, the shepherd."

"Mercy on me!" cried the Princess. "Must I marry a man so far below my station?"

"Do not be alarmed," whispered the King. "No simple shepherd can hope to perform even one of the three tasks I shall set him. I—your wise father—sat on my throne for three whole days and nights before I could even *think* of them."

So the Princess felt easier in her mind.

"Come, Jean," said the King. "You were lucky enough to catch the apple. But it will take more than luck to do what I now require. In my stable are a hundred wild hares.


"Three Days and three Nights,
thinking, on my Throne".

Tomorrow morning you will take them out to feed on the meadow, and in the evening you must bring them all safely back."

When the other young men heard this, they shook their heads, saying: "Why should we remain here to be made sport of by the King? Let him amuse himself with this shepherd." And off they went.

As for Jean, he had caught the golden apple, and seen the lovely Princess face to face; so, if the King had asked him to jump over the moon, he would at least have *tried* to do it. Besides, there was something in his favor that the King had not counted upon; and that something was this: *Jean the shepherd believed in fairies.* Instead of going to bed that evening, he wandered out in the meadow, in the moonlight—wondering all the time what he could do in the morning to herd the King's hares. Presently he thought he heard a tiny voice singing; and, listening, he caught the words:

"Those who most believe in me
Soon or late my face will see."

Looking up, he saw just ahead of him a fairy, balanced on a moonbeam. "Well, Jean," said the Fairy—just as if she had always known him, "I suppose you have come for your whistle." With that, she slid down the moonbeam, danced toward him, and presented him with a little ivory whistle, saying: "When the time comes you will know how to blow it." Then, before he could thank her, she vanished.

Jean looked at the whistle curiously, and put it to his lips; but it made no sound. Early the next morning he made his way to the palace, and the King ordered the stable doors to be thrown wide open. Out rushed the hundred wild hares. Helter, skelter! They scattered in all directions, and were out of sight in a moment. Jean, feeling a little foolish, strolled on down to the meadow where he had met the fairy,

and flung himself on the grass. The hares were nowhere to be seen. Suddenly he remembered his whistle and, putting it to his lips, gave a long, shrill blast. Out from the bushes popped a hare—another and another. Soon they were all in sight, as easy to herd as so many sheep.

The King, watching in his tower, was not at all pleased. When he told his daughter what had happened, she said nothing; but went quietly to her room, dressed herself in such a way that nobody would take her for a princess, and rode off on a little pony. Thus disguised, she approached the young shepherd, and said: "I would like to buy one of your hares."

Jean recognized her at once, in spite of her disguise. "I will not sell you a hare for money," he told her. "But if you will sit here beside me for a little while, you may have one for nothing."

And since there was no other way to get what she wished, the Princess sat down beside him.

Now, Jean was not only a shepherd, but a poet who made lovely verses as he sat tending his flocks. He had composed a beautiful poem in her honor, in which he compared her to sun, moon and stars; and as the Princess listened to his musical voice, singing her praises as no man had ever done before, she knew she was falling in love with him in spite of herself. So she rose hastily to her feet and, blushing deeply, mounted her pony.

"Here's your hare!" said Jean, laughing; and he put it in a covered basket she had brought. Then, when she had ridden away, and was almost out of sight, he blew a blast on his whistle; whereupon the hare jumped out of the basket and ran back to him.

Pretty soon, along came a peasant riding a donkey. It was really the King in disguise, and Jean knew it. "So you wish to buy one of my hares?" said he. "You seem to be a

poor man, and so I cannot take your money. But get down and kiss the tail of your donkey three times, and the hare is yours!"

"Odds bodikins!" cried the King. Then he stopped short, remembering his disguise. There seemed to be no help for it. Down he got, with a rather wry face, and kissed the donkey's tail. Once, twice, thrice—smack, smack, smack! And each time he kissed it the donkey said, "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

"Here's your hare," laughed Jean. "I am glad your donkey is so gentle. He might have kicked your crown off."

The King gave him a queer look, and rode off with his hare in a bag. Then once more Jean sounded his whistle; in a moment the hare had nibbled a hole in the bag, and was back where he came from.

The King, you may be sure, said nothing to the Princess of how he had gained a hare and lost it; and the Princess, of course, kept her own little secret to herself.

At sunset Jean appeared, driving the hundred hares before him; the King counted them carefully, and could find no fault.

"Now for the second task," said the King. "In my granary are a hundred bushels of peas and a hundred bushels of beans—all mixed together in a heap. Separate them, if you can, before morning. But you must do it in the dark, without a lamp or a candle."

Jean went into the granary, and the King locked him in and bolted the door. As soon as they had gone away the shepherd blew his whistle three times; and a great army of ants swarmed up from a hole in the floor, and quickly set to work separating the beans from the peas.

At sunrise came the King. In vain he tried to find a pea in the bean-pile or a bean in the pea-pile. The ants had made a clean job of it.

However, he had kept the hardest thing of all for the third task—the thing he had thought of on the third night of the third day when he sat thinking on his throne. In the royal bakery was a week's supply of bread—several hundred loaves; enough to last a hungry man a year. "You must eat every crumb of it before morning," the King told Jean; and he slammed the door and locked it.

But when everyone in the palace was asleep, the shepherd blew a soft, low note on his whistle; and in crept a million mice. By morning every bit of the bread was gone, and Jean was calling in a loud voice: "Let me out, please. I want my breakfast."

Then the Princess, who was really delighted with the shepherd's success, said: "Father, we must keep our word to this young man. After all, no one would take him for a shepherd if he dressed up a bit."

But the King answered: "There has been some kind of trickery. Otherwise, no living man could do three things that it took me—your father—three days and three nights, thinking on my throne, to think of."

Then he said to the shepherd: "Here is a big, empty sack that will hold six bushels of wheat. Tell me as many falsehoods as will fill it, and you shall have the Princess in marriage."

Now, Jean was brought up to tell the truth; and the best or worst he could do would never fill the sack with falsehoods. He looked at the Princess, who smiled at him and said: "Just make-believe, you know."

So Jean smiled back at the Princess, and began: "Three days ago, when I was herding the wild hares, the Princess came riding on a pony, and I gave her one of the hares in exchange for a kiss."

At this the Princess blushed so red that the King looked at her sharply, thinking it might be true. But he only said:

"That is certainly a big falsehood, but the sack is far from full. Can you think of nothing else?"

"Yes," said Jean, when he had thought a moment." After the Princess had gone, along came the King himself. He was bound to have one of my hares, so what do you think I made him do to pay for it?"

"Wait a bit!" cried the King, much alarmed. "I seem to have made a mistake. The sack is quite full."

So Jean married the Princess, and the King was only too glad to give him half his kingdom. In return, Jean kept his secret of how the King had kissed his donkey's tail; and this is the first time anybody has told it.

Prince Darling

ONCE upon a time a king known to all his people as the Good King was hunting with the hounds, when a little white rabbit pursued by the dogs jumped right into his arms.

"You have sought my protection," said the Good King, "and no one shall harm you."

So he took it to his palace; and that same evening a lovely lady dressed all in white suddenly appeared in his room.

"I am," she said, "the Fairy Candide. Today, when you were hunting, I changed myself into a rabbit, to see if you were as good as people say you are. When you saved me from the dogs I knew it was true; so, any wish you care to make will be granted."

"My wish," said the king, "is that you make my only son, Prince Darling, the best and kindest prince in all the world."

"Alas!" answered the Fairy. "I can easily make him rich and handsome, but I can only *help* him to be good. His character depends upon himself. But I promise always to be

near him, and give him good advice; and even to punish him if it becomes necessary."

The Good King thanked her. Soon after this he died, and Prince Darling succeeded to the throne. Then the Fairy Candide appeared to him, and said: "I promised your father to do all in my power to make you good. Here is a gold ring you must always wear. If you do anything evil it will prick your finger."

Then she vanished.

Prince Darling had everything he wished, and there was little to try his temper. But, unfortunately, he had been brought up by a silly old nurse who had spoiled him, though he was naturally kind and loving. "When you are king," she used to say to him, "everything you do will be right, and nobody will contradict you."

One day he had been out hunting; and because there was no game he returned in a bad humor. For the first time he noticed that the ring seemed a little tight. As he sat down to rest, his little pet dog tried to jump into his lap; but the prince felt cross and tired, and when the dog persisted he gave it a cuff on the ear that made it yelp with pain. At that moment the ring pricked his finger, and he heard a voice saying: "Your strength and power do not give you the right to injure the weak. Today you have been ill-tempered and cruel. Beware!"

But Prince Darling did not heed the warning. Indeed, it rather annoyed him; and as his temper did not improve, the ring pricked him more and more. But instead of blaming himself, he blamed the ring. One day it pricked him till it made his finger bleed. "I've had enough of this nonsense!" he exclaimed. "It's enough to make anyone cross." And with that he pulled off the ring and threw it in a corner. "Now," he said, "I can do exactly as I please."

However, this did not seem to make him as happy as he

thought it would. One day, as he rode his horse through the forest, he came upon a young woman named Rosamund, who, in spite of her shabby dress, was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Prince Darling fell deeply in love with her at once. "Come with me," he said, "and I will make you my queen."

Imagine his astonishment when Rosamund, dropping him a curtsy, answered: "No, your Majesty, I cannot marry you. I am sure you would make me most unhappy; for you do not in the least resemble your father, the Good King."

At this Prince Darling flew into a rage. "Ho!" he cried out to his guards. "This young woman has dared to insult me. Lead her away to prison."

So Rosamund was cast into prison, with only straw for a bed, and nothing but bread and water to eat and drink. "Now," said Prince Darling, "she will come to her senses. It will never do to let a mere girl oppose my royal will."

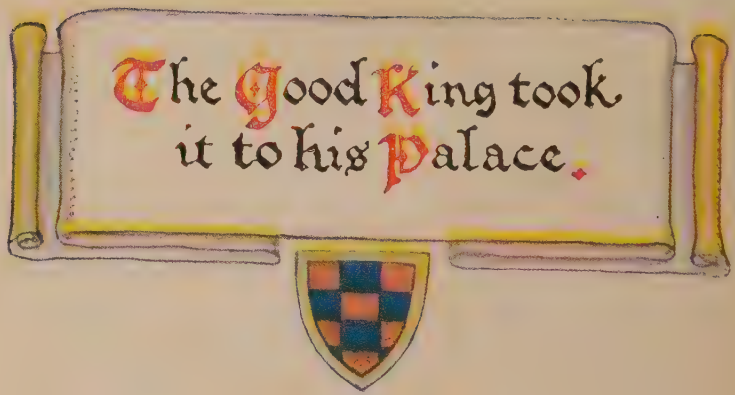
Once a week he called at the jail to see her, thinking she would change her mind. But she only shook her head sadly; he could see she was growing paler and paler, and drooping like a flower that is shut away from the sunshine. Even this did not soften his heart. But he feared that if he let such an innocent young girl die, people might begin to talk, and might perhaps rebel against him. On the other hand, if he set her free, people would point her out, and say: "There goes the girl who refused to marry the king."

And all the time he knew in his heart he was wicked.

At last he decided there was only one thing to do: he would banish her from the kingdom. Having made this decision, he walked quickly to the prison, took the key from his pocket, and opened the door.

No one was there! The cell was quite empty; the beautiful Rosamund had fled!

Prince Darling was quite beside himself with rage. Some


The Good King took
it to his Palace.

one had helped her to escape. But who? "Ha!" said he. "It must have been my old tutor, Suliman, who has played me this trick. He is the only one who finds fault with me."

So the good old man was thrown into a dungeon far beneath the ground; and Prince Darling, in a terrible passion, paced his room, like a madman. Suddenly there came a noise like a clap of thunder; and there stood the Fairy Candide.

"Prince Darling," she said to him severely: "You might easily have followed in the footsteps of your father, the Good King. Instead, you have let your evil passions rule you until you are no better than a wild beast. You have raged like a lion. You are cruel as a wolf and brutal as a bull. Like a serpent you seek revenge. Behold, therefore, your punishment!"

She waved her wand, and Prince Darling fainted away. When he recovered he found himself in a forest, gazing into a pool. What a horrible sight met his eyes! In the mirror of the stream he saw himself reflected—no longer Prince Darling, but a monster. His head was a lion's head, with the horns of a bull; his body a wolf, with a serpent's tail.

With a cry of rage and horror, the creature that was once Prince Darling plunged into the woods. But he did not go far. He fell into a trap for bears; and presently the hunters came and found him, and carried him off in a cage, as a great curiosity—which he certainly was.

These hunters, he soon found out, were from the very city where he had lately ruled as Prince Darling; and when they reached it the city was in the midst of a great celebration. Prince Darling, they were told, was dead—struck down in his wickedness by a thunderbolt; and for a new king the people had chosen Suliman.

Sure enough! There was Prince Darling's tutor—released from the dungeon, and sitting on the throne. And all the people seemed to be well pleased.

Tears of shame and sorrow came to the eyes of the wretched monster. Then he heard Suliman say: "Prince Darling may not be dead, after all; for no one has seen his body. Perhaps some day he will return to you. I, for one, hope so, because I loved him."

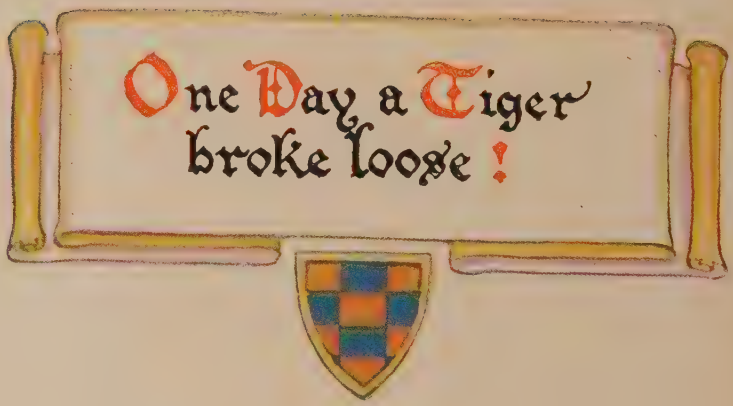
Hearing these words from the lips of the man he had wronged, the monster felt a change taking place in his whole nature. Instead of foaming at the mouth and snapping at his chain, as he had done at first, he made no struggle at all when the hunters took him to the menagerie and turned him over to the keeper.

This keeper was a cruel man who whipped the animals whenever he lost his temper. One day a tiger broke loose from its cage, and sprang on him.

"It serves him right," thought Prince Darling. But suddenly he remembered that he himself had been cruel. "I'll save him," he cried, "in spite of what he has done!" Instantly, as if by magic, the door of the cage flew open. Out bounded the monster; and being a lion, a wolf, a bull and a serpent all at once, the tiger was no match for him, and soon crawled away with his tail between his legs.

The keeper could hardly believe his eyes. There was the monster he had so often beaten, standing over him, licking his face; and there was the tiger sneaking away like a house cat punished for stealing the cream. Then something stranger still took place. As the keeper rose to his feet, he saw no longer a strange and ugly beast, but a pretty little dog instead, jumping up and down with delight.

Much puzzled, the keeper took the dog to the queen, and told her what had happened. "He must be the gift of some good fairy," said her Majesty. So she put a golden collar round its neck, fed it with her own hand on the daintiest foods from the royal table, and let it sleep on a velvet rug at her own door.


One Day a Tiger
broke loose !

Prince Darling was almost happy again. But sometimes he thought of Rosamund, and wondered what had become of her; and then he would feel sad and sick, and his eyes would fill with tears. The queen was alarmed at this, and sent for the court physician. He was a wise man, and knew just what was good to cure the queen's headache; but he knew little about dogs like Prince Darling, who was a very rare kind of dog indeed, and of course he could not guess what was really the matter with him. Still, as something must be done, he put on his spectacles and looked solemn, and said: "Give the dog nothing but dry bread, and make him sleep in a kennel, and perhaps he will improve."

It was excellent advice if Prince Darling had been only a dog, and had not lived all his life in this very palace, with the best food to be had. But as it was, he often went hungry, and could have eaten a whole loaf of bread instead of the crust they gave him.

One morning he trotted off into the garden, to eat his bit of bread; and there he saw a strange sight. The little summer house had become a beautiful palace; and through its open doors went men and women beautifully dressed, with garlands of flowers on their heads—all singing and dancing. Then he saw a poorly dressed woman approach. She looked very white and weak; standing under a window, she begged those inside to give her a few crumbs. But the attendants drove her away.

"I am pretty hungry," Prince Darling said to himself. "But that poor woman must be hungrier than I am."

He trotted up to her, and gave her his crust—all he had for breakfast; and it seemed to make her quite strong again.

As he lay on the grass, watching her, he heard loud cries. Out from the enchanted palace came four men, bearing in their arms a struggling girl. It was Rosamund—his beloved Rosamund! And they were bearing her away. In vain he

snapped at them, and bit their heels. What could a little dog do? Oh, to be a monster once more—strong and savage, that he might rescue her from those wicked men!

Then at last did Prince Darling fully understand that he, too, had been wicked—just as wicked as the men who had carried Rosamund away. "Oh, good Fairy Candide!" he cried. "If I only had my life to live over again!"

As he spoke, he felt something strange was happening to him. His hair was turning into feathers; wings sprouted from his shoulders. He was a pigeon—a beautiful white pigeon.

"Coo, coo!" Over the palace he flew, uttering cries of love. "Coo, coo!" But Rosamund was gone.

Then he spread his wings, and soared to the ends of the earth. Over the mountains and seas he flew—north and south, east and west; to the lands of the Esquimaux all covered with ice, and to the lands of the south where it is always summer. Everywhere he flew, he asked the beasts of the field: "Have you seen my Rosamund?" And the beasts said: "No, we have not seen her." And everywhere he flew he asked the birds of the air: "Have you seen my Rosamund?" And always the birds said: "No, we have not seen her." At last he met an eagle, soaring near the sun; and the eagle said to him:

"Fly swift, fly sure, o'er sea and land;
Your Rosamund dwells on the desert sand."

So he flew for seven days and seven nights without resting; and at last he saw beneath him a little green place in the desert. It was the home of a hermit—an old man with a long, white beard; and there beside him sat Rosamund.

In another moment Prince Darling was perched on her shoulder. "Coo, coo!" he cried.

"Oh, what a pretty pigeon," said Rosamund. "You dear little thing, I love you!"

No sooner had she said this than the pigeon became Prince Darling, who fell on his knees before her. "Pity me and forgive me," he implored. "I have suffered long for all the evil I did."

As he spoke, the hermit, too, changed his form. His long beard and tattered garments faded away, his wrinkled face grew young and fair. In his place stood the Fairy Candide. "Rosamund is yours," said the Fairy to Prince Darling. "She has always loved you; but she knew that you would both be miserable unless you overcame your faults."

She waved her wand; Prince Darling was back in his palace. With Rosamund by his side, the people were once more glad to hail him as their king; and none seemed happier than old Suliman. Prince Darling found the ring the Fairy had given him, and put it on his finger. "But you will not need it any more," said Queen Rosamund. "You are going to be the Good King!"

And so he was.

The King's Messenger

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful Princess with the loveliest golden hair, that fell in ripples to her feet when she let it down at night. She was known far and wide as The Beauty with the Golden Locks; and Golden Locks was the name that everyone came to call her.

Such an adorable Princess, of course, had many offers of marriage; but to one and all she made the same answer—bowing in her very best manner: "I thank you for the compliment. But, really, I'd rather not."

Now, there lived in a neighboring kingdom a young King who had long loved Golden Locks from afar, even though he had never seen her. He was rich and handsome. But so were other suitors who had vainly sought her hand; and he lay awake many nights, wondering how he could win her.

At last he hit upon a plan. Instead of going to Golden Locks himself, he would send a royal messenger to plead his cause. This plan would permit the messenger to say nicer things about the King than the King would dare to say

about himself. And then, if the Princess refused him, at least it would not be to his face.

Such a messenger, of course, must be young and clever, and greatly skilled in speech; one who admired the King extravagantly, and would go to any length to serve him. Also, he must be amiable and generous, and quite blind to the King's little faults.

Luckily there was a youth at court named Avenant who had all these qualities in perfection. He was handsome and brave besides, and when he spoke his voice was so musical that everybody stopped talking to listen to him.

When the King made known his wishes, Avenant was delighted. From among the thousand horses in the royal stables he selected a jet black steed, with arching neck and flowing mane—faster than the north wind. The bridle was studded with pearls, the saddle inlaid with gold and precious stones. Mounting this beautiful creature, Avenant whispered a word in his ear, and the horse knelt down before the King. Another word: it rose on its hind legs, and Avenant was off like a swallow.

As he rode, singing, through the forest, he came to a little river flowing so fresh and clear that he dismounted to get a drink. Suddenly a great golden carp, hunting flies for its dinner, rose to the surface near the bank, with such a big leap that it left the water and landed on the grass. There it flopped, and bruised its sides. Soon it would be dead.

Gentle Avenant, who dearly loved the wild creatures of the woods, carefully lifted the struggling fish and put it back in the stream. Splash! went the carp to the bottom. Then, wiggling its tail with joy, back it came toward the bank, raised its head and spoke, saying: "Avenant, you have saved my life. Some day I may do *you* a good turn."

Avenant remounted his horse and rode on—happy as the birds that sang on the boughs above him. But pretty soon

these glad sounds were drowned by the hoarse cries of a raven in distress. An eagle, swooping from the sky, had fastened its talons in the wretched bird, and was about to devour it. Instantly Avenant drew his bow, and let fly an arrow that pierced the eagle through and through. The Raven flapped his wings with joy. "Avenant," he croaked, "but for your generosity and promptness I would have perished. A raven never forgets. Some day I may do *you* a good turn."

On rode Avenant once more. Again he heard cries of a bird in trouble. This time it was an owl, fast in the snare of a bird-catcher. The young man took out his knife, cut the cords that bound it, and set it free. The owl fluttered to a limb, ruffled his feathers, found he was not hurt, and said to him, solemnly: "Avenant, you came just in time to help me. Take that word of an owl: Some day I may do *you* a good turn."

Avenant now gave his horse the rein, and away they flew till they reached the gates of the palace. "Tell the Princess," said he to the guards, "that Avenant comes from the King, her neighbor, as the bearer of a royal message."

These words were so sweetly spoken, and Avenant made such a fine appearance, that the guards ran on before him at the top of their speed to announce his arrival. Meanwhile Avenant stroked his horse's neck and whispered in his ear. Then, as he came riding up before the palace, the musicians of the Princess began to play a lovely air, and the jet black steed, pricking up his ears, began to dance and prance, keeping perfect time to the music. At this, Golden Locks came out, clapping her hands with pleasure. Avenant dismounted, making his prettiest bow, and the jet black horse knelt down before her just as he had knelt before the King.

Then Golden Locks led the way to the royal reception room; and there, seated on a golden throne and surrounded by her maids of honor, she listened graciously to Avenant's

Galifron !

eloquent address in praise of the King. Golden Locks heard him with delight; never before had she listened to such a beautiful voice uttering such beautiful words.

"Your King," she said, when he had finished, "must be a wonderful person. "But," she added carelessly, looking at Avenant from the corner of her eye, "is he not sometimes cross before breakfast?"

Then Avenant thought he knew why the Princess was so hard to please. However, he concealed his surprise, saying: "Your Highness, I never have been admitted to the royal presence before breakfast. But I am sure—"

"Enough!" said Golden Locks, rising. "If all you have said is true I would go with you, were it not that I had met with a great misfortune. A month ago, while walking along the river bank, I removed my glove, and in doing so pulled from my finger a ring that fell into the water. I value this ring even more than I do my kingdom; and I have made a vow that until it is found I will not journey beyond the gates of my palace. But perhaps you, who are so clever, can help me."

Avenant scarcely knew what to make of such a surprising answer. Who could hope to find such a tiny thing dropped in the river a month ago? Golden Locks, he feared, only wished to get rid of him. However, he rose early the next morning, and strolled down to the river to take a swim. The water flowed fast and deep, and the bank was high. It was impossible to see the bottom. "Ah, Golden Locks!" he exclaimed. "Only a fish could hope to find your ring."

As he said this he heard a voice that he seemed to have heard before, calling: "Avenant! Avenant!"

Avenant thought he must be dreaming. "Who calls me?" he asked in astonishment. He looked all around, but no one was in sight.

"Avenant! Avenant!"

How strange! The voice seemed to come from the river itself. "Avenant! Can't you hear me?" called the voice once more. "I can't speak any louder."

Avenant looked again, and there was his old friend, the golden carp, who had some trouble in making himself heard because he carried a ring in his mouth.

"Take it!" said the carp, coming closer to the bank. "It belongs to The Beauty with the Golden Locks."

Avenant was so surprised he could only manage to say: "Oh, my! Really!" Then he found his tongue, and began a beautiful speech of thanks. But the carp said: "You need not thank me. It was the least I could do in return for you saving my life."

Avenant hastened to the palace, where Golden Locks received him with a smile. "You must make me a long visit," she said. "Who knows but that you may find what I lost if you look long enough."

Avenant laughed. "Prepare to go with me," he answered, showing her the ring.

"Goodness gracious!" said Golden Locks. "You must be the favorite of some fairy. And that is well, because you will be able to do me another service. Not far from here lives a prince named Galifron, who has made up his mind to marry me, and threatens to lay waste my kingdom if I refuse him. This prince is a great brute of a giant, taller than a tower, who gobbles up a man as easily as a monkey eats a chestnut. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to make him behave himself."

"Very well," said Avenant, "I'll do my best. And if the monster should kill me, I will at least have died for your sake."

As he approached the home of the giant, he saw Galifron himself coming through the forest. He was taller than the tallest trees, and as he strode along he sang in a terrible voice:

"One, two, three, four
I ate them for breakfast, and want some more!
Five, six, seven, eight
Will do for my dinner, if not too late!"

When Avenant heard this he made up some words of his own, and sang them to the same tune:

"One, two, three, four;
You've eaten too many, you'll eat no more.
Here is Avenant—number five;
You'll be lucky if you are left alive!"

At this insult from such a little fellow, Galifron roared with rage and swung his enormous iron club around his head. He meant to smash Avenant with one blow; but just as he was about to strike, a raven lit on his head and covered his eyes with its wings, so that he could not see at all. Galifron dropped his club and tried to seize the bird; but it flew a little beyond his reach. Then, each time he attempted to pick up his club, the raven returned and spread out his wings as before. When Avenant saw how things were going, he turned around and called out in a loud voice: "Ho, there! Come on, my brave men, and we'll make short work of this fellow!"

Hearing these words, the giant, who was really a coward, believed that a great army had come to attack him. He took to his heels in terror, and ran away; and some people say he is running yet.

"Well done!" croaked the raven. "You saved me from the claws of the eagle, and now I have saved you!"

Off he flew. Then Avenant put the giant's club across his saddle, and galloped back to the palace. "Look!" he said to Golden Locks, as he held up the huge iron club for her to see. "Your enemy will fight no more. Now you will go with me to the King."

"How brave you are!" cried Golden Locks. "And that is well, because you will be able to do me one more service by fetching me some water from the Fountain of Youth and Beauty. This fountain is in a dark cavern guarded by two dragons with flaming eyes and jaws. If you can pass them you will come to the mouth of a deep hole full of toads, lizards and snakes. At the bottom of this hole is a little cave, and there you will find the water I must have."

Avenant could not refuse her. He set out on this new adventure, and did not stop to rest till he had climbed to the top of a mountain. There he saw smoke, black as ink, pouring out of a rock. Going closer, he perceived the dragons —fearful beasts, with horrid jaws and huge rounded eyes that shot out tongues of fire, just as Golden Locks had said.

Avenant drew his sword, and advanced. At least he would die bravely. Just then he heard a rustling of wings, and a voice calling out from the depths of the dark cavern: "Avenant, I am coming!"

As he stepped back in surprise, a big owl fluttered out, over the heads of the dragons, and perching on a limb near by, said to him: "You set me free from the snare, and now it is my turn to help *you*. Give me the little bottle you carry, and I will fly down into the hole and fetch you the Water of Youth and Beauty."

Avenant was delighted. In vain the ugly dragons snapped their jaws. The Owl flew over their heads with the bottle in its claws; and very soon returned with the precious water.

Avenant thanked his feathered friend from the bottom of his heart. When he got back to the palace, Golden Locks was overjoyed to see him.

"Avenant," she said, "you are the bravest and best man in all the world." Then, dropping her eyes and blushing deeply, she added: "If it pleases you to remain here you can be my King."

A dark Cavern
guarded by two
Dragons

"Oh, Princess," answered Avenant, "how gladly would I stay! But honor demands that I return with you to my master."

So they set out on their journey rather sadly; and of course when the King saw Golden Locks he married her the very next day.

But Golden Locks was not happy, and everybody saw it.

"Don't you know why the Queen is unhappy?" some one with a long tongue said to the King one day. "It's easy enough to see. She prefers Avenant to you."

"Ha!" said the King.

Then he shut up Avenant in the tower, with irons on his hands and legs. But Golden Locks was more unhappy than ever.

"Perhaps," thought the King, "I am not handsome enough. If I rub my face with the Water of Youth and Beauty, Golden Locks may love me."

Now, the Queen kept this wonderful water on a little shelf in her room; and the ladies' maid who did the dusting had knocked it off on the floor and spilled every drop. There was a bottle just like it in the King's closet; so the maid got it when no one was looking, and put it in the place of the one she had spilled. But it was not the same kind of water at all. On the contrary, it was a water that made you fall asleep forever. The King used it on criminals when it was necessary to put them to death.

No sooner had the King rubbed it on his face, than he sank on the floor and fell into a deep sleep from which it was impossible to wake him. Then he died.

Golden Locks looked at him sadly. "I might have learned to care for him," she said—"if only he had not been cross before breakfast."

"It was all my fault," said a gentle voice behind her. "I should have told you the truth when you asked me."

She turned, and saw Avenant, who had been set free from the tower.

"I love you all the better for it," said Golden Locks.

She took him by the hand, and led him out on the balcony; and no sooner had the people perceived them than they all threw up their caps and shouted:

"Long live Avenant! Long live King Avenant and his Queen!"

The King of the Peacocks

THERE was once a king and queen who, already having two little sons, were delighted with the birth of a beautiful daughter. But their joy soon turned to grief. For the fairy who always came when the royal children were christened shook her head sadly when she saw the young Princess Rosette, and said: "She may live to be happy. But, alas! On her account her brothers may lose their lives."

The king and queen were in despair. At last they consulted an old hermit, who lived in the trunk of a tree, and was thought to be wonderfully wise because he seldom said a word to anybody. "There is only one thing to be done," said the hermit. "Put the Princess in a tower, and keep her there all her life; and no harm can come to her brothers."

So the king built a tall tower; and there, among the tree-tops, the little Princess Rosette went to live. It was a lonesome life, you may be sure. But her friends the birds came and sang to her, telling her all the secrets of the forest;

and at night she sat by her window, and learned the story of the stars. Finally, she had for company her little dog Frisky —the liveliest and most intelligent spaniel that ever sat up on its hind legs.

Fifteen summers came and went; the Princess had grown into a beautiful young girl. When she sang, you knew at once that only a thrush at twilight could have taught her those lovely liquid notes; when you looked into her eyes, it was like looking at the stars in the heavens.

Then her father and mother died; her elder brother was crowned king, the younger came to be called the Prince. "Now," said the young King, "we shall set our dear sister free. If any harm comes to us, we shall know how to meet it bravely."

So the brothers took her from the tower; and together they walked hand in hand through the gardens of the palace.

Having lived always in a tower, the things the Princess now saw for the first time filled her with surprise and pleasure. Pet deer, with graceful, slim bodies and large, dark eyes, came up and fed from her hand. Parrots, all green and gold, flew past—uttering their queer cries. Water rose high from marble fountains, and falling back in a mist of spray, caught all the colors of the rainbow. Suddenly the Princess clapped her hands with delight. Across the lawn came strutting a new and magnificent bird, with a tail spread out like a gorgeous fan. "What beautiful creature is this?" she inquired.

"We call it a peacock," said the young King, smiling. "It is a handsome fowl; and its meat has such a flavor that sometimes we have it served for dinner."

At this the Princess stood still a moment, like one in a trance. Then she exclaimed: "Oh, what a shame to kill such a beautiful bird!"

"There are many like it," explained her brother, the Prince

"Indeed!" said Rosette. "Then, if this is just an ordinary peacock, imagine what a wonderful person the King of the Peacocks must be."

Her brothers looked at her in astonishment, while the Princess continued, like one in a dream: "Yes, somewhere in a far country lives the King of the Peacocks. He is waiting for me to be his bride."

The young King looked at the Prince; neither one knew what to say. It was certainly a strange notion that possessed their sister, the Princess. "But where could we find him?" they managed to ask.

"Many, many days journey," answered the Princess, dreamily. "But find him you must; for I shall marry no one else."

So the King and the Prince put their heads together, and decided that somehow it must be done. A few days later their horses stood saddled before the palace gates. With them they took a portrait of Rosette, painted by the court painter. It was an excellent likeness; anyone could see at a glance that the Princess was the most beautiful young woman in all the world.

On and on they rode, meeting with many curious adventures by the way; but the thing they had gone to seek they could not find. At last they came to a strange, new country that neither of them had ever heard mentioned by anybody. Pretty soon they saw a peacock; another and another, till the country seemed swarming with them. But the King of the Peacocks. Ah, that was quite another matter! Was *he* a peacock, too? If so, how could Princess Rosette hope to marry him?

That afternoon the brothers came into a city that seemed to be the capital of the kingdom. As they rode down the avenue, they heard the crowd cheering; and along came a chariot, all of ivory and gold, drawn by twelve peacocks.

In it was seated a handsome youth with a crown on his head; and the crown was of peacock feathers.

"It's a man! It's the King of the Peacocks himself!" cried both the brothers at once.

"You are strangers," said the handsome youth. "What, pray, is your business here?"

"Your Majesty," answered the young King, "I am the ruler of a distant land, and this is my younger brother. We have traveled far to find the King of the Peacocks, and to offer him the hand of our sister in marriage." Saying this, he held up the portrait of the Princess Rosette.

The King of the Peacocks looked at it long and earnestly. "It is hard to believe," he said at last, "that any young woman can be as beautiful as this picture. I must put you to the test. Remain here as prisoners, until the Princess arrives. Then, if you have deceived me, your lives must pay for it. Do you agree to this?"

"Willingly," said the young King.

So a messenger was sent to the Princess, who set out on her journey in a boat, taking with her only her old nurse, the nurse's daughter, and Frisky, the little spaniel. Over the sea they sailed; and after a month and a day they came in sight of land. Then a wicked thought came into the old nurse's mind. "Do you want to be rich?" she said to the boatman. "If you do, we will throw the Princess overboard. Then I will dress my own daughter in Rosette's fine garments, and the King of the Peacocks will marry her instead."

The boatman, tempted by the diamonds the old nurse showed him, consented to this evil deed. In the dead of night they crept to where the Princess lay asleep, and lifting her up on her feather bed, they cast it into the sea. Then they sailed on.

Soon they reached the shore of Peacock land; and there at the water's edge was a gorgeous golden chariot, drawn by

A Portrait of Rosette,
painted by
the Court Painter.

six green monkeys with scarlet ribbons. The wicked old nurse had spent many hours in decking out her daughter with the jewels and the laces of Rosette; but all this finery was in vain, because she was as ugly as any ape. However, they were obliged to make the best of it; so into the chariot stepped the false princess.

As it rolled along, the people stared and stared. "What does it mean?" they asked one another. "Is *that* the creature we are to call our queen?" A loud murmur arose, and the peacocks perched in the trees screamed with disgust.

The King of the Peacocks came down the palace steps to meet his bride; before him marched two noblemen, carrying aloft, like a banner, the portrait of Rosette. Fancy, then, his feelings when he caught sight of the ugly creature in the chariot.

"A pretty trick to play upon a king!" he cried. "Take this hideous person from my sight! As for those deceitful brothers of hers, they will wish they had never been born."

But let us return to Rosette, whom we left in her feather-bed, floating on the sea. Luckily it was made of swan's feathers, and so it did not sink; and presently she was joined by Frisky. He came swimming after her, drew himself on this strange new ship, and cuddling close to Rosette, kept her warm with his silky coat. How she came to be floating on the waters was more than she could understand; but she feared that the King of the Peacocks had changed his mind, and had taken this means to get rid of her.

All night long, Frisky barked to keep the big fish away; and when day came he went on barking because he liked to bark, and it kept up his courage. This was fortunate; because the feather-bed drifted close to the shore, and a kind old man who lived in a hut came out to see whose dog it was. Into the water he waded, and pulled the bed to land. A few moments later Rosette was sitting by a good fire,

telling her story, while the old man rummaged around and managed to find her some clothes that had once belonged to his daughter.

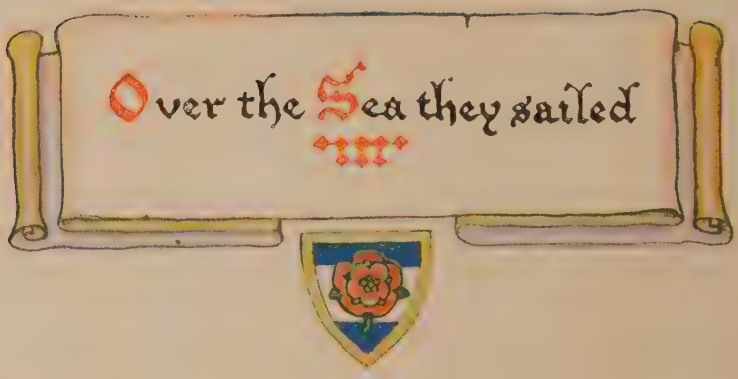
"Now," said he, "the food I eat is much too coarse for a princess. It would make you ill. Why not let me go to the King of the Peacocks?"

"No," said Rosette, "I fear he does not love me. But I can send my little dog to get some food." She fastened a small basket around Frisky's neck. "Go," she told him, "and bring back the best food that can be found."

Off trotted Frisky, with his nose in the air; and when he came to the palace kitchen he sniffed and sniffed. "That smells pretty good," said he. So he trotted to the door, and began to bark; and when the cook came to see who it was, Frisky ran around through the other door, filled his basket with the King's dinner, and was back home again in no time.

When the King of the Peacocks sat down to dine there was nothing for him to eat but some cold porridge left from breakfast. This put him in a pretty bad humor; when supper time came he was hungrier than he had ever been in his life. From the kitchen came the smell of roast meat; and he smacked his lips and drummed on the table with his fingers —quite forgetting his dining-room manners. But no supper came. Frisky had returned with his basket, and fooled the cook again. All the King had was just the *smell* of the roast meat—nothing more.

For this to happen *one* day was bad enough. But the next day was Sunday; and when the King's Sunday dinner—plum pudding and *everything*—was whisked away the moment the cook's back was turned, it began to be quite unbearable. So the King's cook hid himself in the kitchen closet to watch. Pretty soon Frisky came to the door, and began to bark as usual. But this time the cook, instead of going to see who


Over the Sea they sailed

it was, stayed in the closet, with his eye at the key-hole; and soon he saw Frisky trot in and fill his basket with all the good things on the stove.

Off ran Frisky with the King's cook at his heels; and after the cook ran the King's bodyguard; and after the King's bodyguard ran a company of archers. Soon they came to the hut, where they seized the old man and led him away. But the Princess herself walked erect, at the head of the procession, with Frisky in her arms.

The King of the Peacocks saw them coming; for a messenger had ridden back to tell him the news.

"We have caught the thieves, your Majesty," said the captain of the archers. "What is your pleasure?"

But the King of the Peacocks did not hear him. The moment he saw Rosette he knew she was the true princess of the portrait; and he knelt before her and kissed her hand.

Then he set her brothers free, and loaded them with presents. Even the old nurse and her ugly daughter, and the boatman as well, were forgiven. All the peacocks in the kingdom came to the wedding; and a wonderful sight it was. As for Frisky, he sat next the King at the banquet table, and did not bark once the whole time. Which is, perhaps, the most remarkable thing of all.

Cinderella; or, the Little Glass Slipper

ONCE upon a time there was a nobleman whose young and pretty daughter resembled her mother in sweetness of temper and kindness of heart. But when he was left a widower, he unhappily chose for a second wife a proud, harsh woman with two grown daughters as haughty and ill-humored as herself.

No sooner was the wedding over than she began to show her dislike for this young girl who was so much more attractive than her own children, and who was now made to do all the hard work of the house. She washed all the dishes, scrubbed the stairs, made the beds, and swept and dusted the rooms from top to bottom. Turned out of her own bed-chamber, with its pretty wall-paper and flowered curtains, her room was now a mean little garret under the roof, where she slept on a hard mattress stuffed with straw. But her two proud step-sisters each had a room all her own, with polished floors, soft rugs, the best beds that money could buy, and tall mirrors reaching from the floor to the ceiling.

It was useless to complain to her father, for the poor man was quite under the thumb of his masterful new wife who did what she pleased and ran things to suit herself. So the sweet young girl suffered it all in silence, content enough if she could escape without a scolding. As her garret was cold and dreary, it was her habit when work was done to sit in the chimney-corner, among the cinders. There at least she was warm, and could gaze into the friendly fire, watching the strange shapes taken by the burning logs. Even so she was not safe from the sharp tongue of the elder sister, who laughed because their little slavey's skirt-hem was soiled with ashes, and nicknamed her "Cindertail." But the younger and more amiable sister softened this ugly name to Cinderella, and as Cinderella she soon came to be known. They were not clever enough to see that it was really a pretty name, musical and quite original, and that no stranger who heard it would ever suspect it had anything to do with cinders. Nor did it enter their heads for a single moment that the despised Cinderella in her worn and shabby garments was far more beautiful than they.

Now, it happened that the King's son sent out invitations to a court ball, and everybody that was *anybody* was bidden to the dance. As the step-daughters of a nobleman, the two sisters of course were included; and though they were proud enough before, this special honor done them caused them to carry their noses at least a quarter of an inch higher than ever. What a flutter and what a fuss! It was, "Cinderella, have you ironed my ruffles?"—"Cinderella, where are all my hair-pins?"—"I believe she's hidden my laces somewhere! Did you ever see such a good-for-nothing!" The amusing part of it was that though they found fault with her, and made her run here and there, they were not ashamed to ask her opinion of what was most becoming, and which color went best with another; for in matters of taste—which means so much

more than just the money you spend on a thing—they knew well enough they could learn much from Cinderella.

The poor dear! Instead of showing impatience, or envy, she even offered to do up their hair; and when they gladly consented, she arranged it admirably, instead of pushing it awry at the last moment, as anyone not a saint might well have been tempted to do, when you come to think of it. Even while she was doing them this kindness, they were ungrateful enough to tease her.

"Would you not love to go to the ball?" they asked her.

"Alas! I fear you are mocking me," she answered. "A pretty figure I would cut among such fine folk!"

"You are right," said they. "It would make everyone laugh out loud to see Cinderella dancing with a prince."

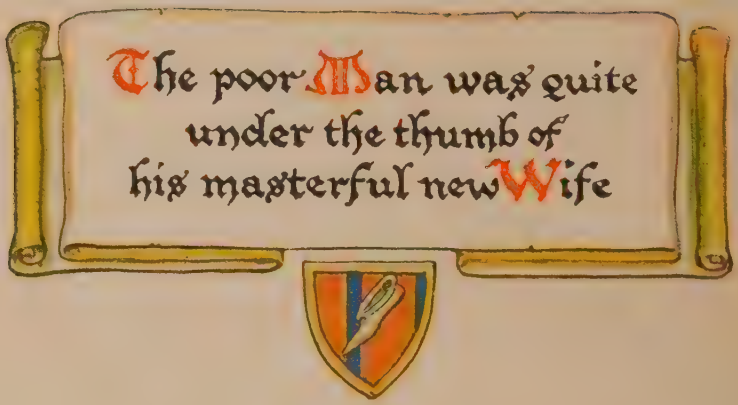
They spent hours before the mirror, prinking themselves and practicing how to curtsy to the King's son. As they were fond of rich food, they had grown a trifle fat; and they must have broken at least a dozen laces in trying to make their waists look slender and girlish. At last the hour arrived; they set off for the palace, looking much prettier in their velvets and laces than they ever had looked in their lives—thanks to Cinderella's skill and good taste.

She watched them go until they were out of sight, and her heart sank. She who loved to dance, and could dance with the grace of a fairy, was left behind, to sit among the cinders. Cinderella began to cry.

"What makes you so unhappy, my child?"

At the sound of this gentle voice, which she had not heard for a long, long time, Cinderella turned, and recognized her godmother, who, as it happened, was a fairy.

"I have been biding my time," said she, "waiting till you really had need of me, and had shown by your patience and goodness that you were truly deserving. Is there something you have set your heart upon, and cannot have?"


The poor Man was quite
under the thumb of
his masterful new Wife

"I wish so much—I wish so much—" she sobbed.

"You wish to go to the ball, do you not?"

"Indeed I do!" said Cinderella, between her sobs.

"Well," said her godmother, "I have managed to arrange more difficult things than that. To begin with, suppose you go out in the garden, and fetch me a pumpkin—a big, yellow one."

Cinderella made haste to obey, and soon returned with a fine, large pumpkin. "It would make a lot of pies," she said to herself, "but I don't understand how it can take me to the ball."

"You'll soon see," said her godmother, just as if Cinderella had spoken her thoughts aloud. Taking a sharp knife from her girdle, she sliced off the top of the pumpkin, scooped it out, set it down, and struck it with her wand. Lo and behold! What had been a pumpkin was now a beautiful gilt coach, fit for a queen to ride in.

Cinderella's eyes opened wide with wonder.

"Now," said her godmother, briskly, "we need horses to draw the coach. Good! Here are six live mice in the mouse-trap under the table. Open the trap a little, and let them out, one by one."

As Cinderella did so, the fairy godmother tapped each mouse lightly with her wand; and in the place of the mice stood six handsome horses of a dapple-grey color, champing at their bits and eager to be off and away.

"Now for a coachman!" said the godmother. "That is not so easy."

"I know," said Cinderella, quick to take a hint. "I'll have a look at the rat-trap in the cellar."

In a moment she was back with the trap, in which were three large rats.

"The very thing!" exclaimed the fairy. "I'll use this big fellow with the long beard." Touching him with the wand,

the rat was turned into a fat coachman with the most fascinating whiskers ever seen.

"Footmen, too, must be found," she said. "Just go out in the garden again, and see what may be hiding behind the watering-pot."

Behind the watering-pot were six green lizards. Cinderella, gathering them up in her apron, brought them to her godmother, who quickly transformed them into six footmen in livery, who climbed up behind the coach, and clung there as if it had always been their work.

"Well," said the fairy, "do you begin to believe you are going to the ball?"

"Truly," answered Cinderella. "Only—"

She looked down at her shabby skirt and broken shoes.

"If you only had a ball gown, eh? But you *have*, my dear!"

The wand had touched Cinderella; instantly she was robed in cloth of gold and silver, all embroidered with precious stones. On her feet were glass slippers—the most wonderful ever wrought. Thus attired, she entered the coach, and was ready to depart—her face beaming with pleasure.

"One moment!" said her godmother, as Cinderella waved her a kiss. "I must warn you that on the stroke of midnight my magic comes to an end, and everything becomes what it was before. Prepare to leave the ball before twelve o'clock; for, exactly on the minute, the coach will once more be a pumpkin, the horses mice, the footmen only lizards. Your coachman will be just a rat, and you will find yourself again in the rags of Cinderella."

"I shall not forget," cried the happy girl. "Good-bye, dear fairy godmother!"

It was still early in the evening when a gilded coach drew up before the palace, and a messenger brought word to the King's son that a Princess, beautiful but unknown, was

waiting to be received. Wondering, the Prince made his way to the coach, gave one look at the lady, and bowing with deep respect and admiration, escorted her to the ball-room. No sooner had she appeared before the assembled company than all eyes were turned toward her. The older persons, who were seated, ceased in their conversation. The dancers forgot to dance, the musicians put down their instruments. "What a beauty! Who is she?" everyone was asking.

Then, at a signal from the Prince, the violins gave forth their sweetest music, and the King's son danced with Cinderella. A graceful dancer himself, he found in the unknown Princess a partner without compare. A vision of loveliness, radiant with youth and happiness, her every movement was so graceful and harmonious that music and motion were as one. Then the dancing ended, and the company assembled for supper; but the Prince could not take his eyes off Cinderella, and ate scarcely a mouthful. Near her sat her two step-sisters, never dreaming that this beautiful creature, clothed like any queen, had ever crossed their path. Cinderella was particularly polite to them, offering them ices and fruit, and even bringing them into her conversation with the Prince; and it was easy to see that they were greatly flattered by these little attentions, of which they would be sure to boast at home, in the hearing of Cinderella.

"Never have I known anyone who danced so divinely," the Prince was saying; and at that moment the chimes of the golden clock in the ball-room sounded the hour. It was a quarter of twelve.

"My coach is waiting," said Cinderella, rising. "If you will escort me to the King and Queen, I shall pay my respects and take my leave."

"But you will come again?" pleaded the Prince. "Tomorrow evening. Do not disappoint us. The ball would be a failure without you."

He accompanied her in person to the coach, and, bowing low, kissed her hand. Off went the six spirited horses at a gallop. There was need of haste, for as Cinderella entered the house and ran to embrace her godmother the clock struck midnight, and once more she was the maid-of-all-work who sat among the cinders in the chimney corner.

"You have been a good girl," said her godmother. "Of course you may go again; but on the same conditions, remember."

There was a knock at the door. Cinderella opened it, rubbing her eyes, mischievously, as if half asleep; and in came the two sisters.

"You would not feel so sleepy if you had been to the ball," said the elder one. "The loveliest Princess we ever laid our eyes on was there. We sat next to her at the supper table, with the Prince, and they were both quite attentive to us."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Cinderella. "How lucky you are. I'd give anything to have just one good look at her. If you lent me your yellow gown, Miss Javotte—the one you wear every day, could you let me go along as your maid? I could peep through the curtains, you know."

"You are out of your senses, child," answered Javotte. "Wear my gown, indeed!"

Cinderella, however, did not seem to mind this rudeness. She had expected a refusal, else she would not have made the request.

Evening came at last. The two sisters entered the ball-room and passed close to the prince, but he did not seem to see them; he was watching the entrance door. Through it, presently, came Cinderella—this time in a wonderful gown of blue and silver, clustered with pearls. Again she danced with the Prince, and again he sat at her side as if he were content to remain there always. The minutes flew, the

She had danced with
the Prince!

hours went by like minutes. Cinderella heard the golden clock begin to strike. "It must be eleven," she said to herself. To make sure, she rose and took a few steps to where she could look at the clock.

The hands pointed to midnight; at the twelfth stroke all would be discovered. Luckily the clock struck very slowly. Like a startled fawn, she reached the doorway, and fled into the night. Fast as the Prince had followed, she was gone; but there, on the steps outside, lay a little glass slipper, which the Prince at once recognized. Putting it carefully away, and wondering greatly at the sudden flight of his fair unknown, he closely questioned the guards. Had they seen a Princess go by?

"No, your Royal Highness," said the captain of the watch. "No one has passed here but a young girl, poorly dressed, who looked as if she might have come from the kitchen."

True enough! Cinderella had not reached the gate when the clock struck for the last time. She made her way out, dressed as she used to be, in her shabby clothes. Gathering up her skirts, she ran toward home, almost stumbling over a pumpkin-shell that lay in the path. It was her coach, returned to its original shape; the rat, the mice and the lizards had all scampered away with the witching hour of midnight.

Just one thing remained: she still wore a little glass slipper—mate to the one picked up by the Prince. Cinderella took it off, and clutching it tight, managed to make her way without shoes—reaching the house quite out of breath. Her godmother was not there.

"She is angry with me," thought Cinderella, "because I stupidly broke my promise. This is the end of my dream. But at least I have the little glass slipper for a keepsake, and I shall always keep it near me."

A few days later, Cinderella was out in the garden. There lay the broken stem from which she had taken the pumpkin, but the green lizards had found another hiding place.

"Ah, me!" she sighed. "Have I really been dreaming, after all?"

Her hand sought the pocket of her skirt, from which she drew the glass slipper—her one great treasure. No, it was not a dream. She actually had danced with the Prince!

Suddenly, from out in the road came the sound of a trumpet. Going into the house, she saw the two sisters at the window. They seemed much excited, and did not notice her. "What is it?" she asked, at the risk of being snubbed for her curiosity.

"Oh, it's you!" said the elder one, turning. "Of course *you* could not be expected to know. The Prince found a little glass slipper, dropped by the Princess when she ran from the ball-room. He will not rest till the owner is found. So the court herald is announcing that the Prince has promised to marry the lady whose foot fits the slipper exactly."

"Would it not fit more than one person?" asked Cinderella, timidly. And all the time her heart was wildly going thump-thump.

"No, stupid!" said Javotte. "They've already tried it on all the princesses and all the duchesses of the court. Still, who knows? It might fit one of us. Our feet have always been much admired."

At this moment a page, carrying the glass slipper, was admitted to the house. First one and then the other of the sisters offered her foot for the trial. It really seemed absurd; for Javotte could not squeeze her foot into a number five shoe, and the other suffered terribly from corns because she *would* insist on wearing a number three that was a full size too small for her. The page was too polite to show his amusement.

"If we could only stretch it a little bit," he remarked, gallantly. "But, you see, it is made of glass."

"Would you mind letting *me* try?" asked Cinderella. For of course she had recognized the slipper at once.

"*You!*" sneered the sisters. "What impudence!"

But Cinderella had put out her foot, and the page could not help seeing how small and shapely it was.

"It is her right, if she wishes it," he said with a bow.

"No, it's my left, Sir," spoke up Cinderella, in her confusion, putting forward her left foot.

"So it is," agreed the page with a smile. As he spoke, he tried on the slipper, which fitted Cinderella like wax.

"And here," said she, taking the glass slipper from her pocket, "is my right." She slipped it on with the greatest ease.

"But there must be some mistake!" cried the sisters. "This—this—"

They were choked with rage and envy, and could say no more.

"There is no mistake," said the fairy godmother, coming from behind the curtain. "You who never could recognize the beauty and goodness of your step-sister when she sat among the cinders—you will perhaps recognize her now."

Tapping Cinderella with her wand, the shabby clothes were transformed into garments even more beautiful than those she had worn at the ball.

"It's the Princess!" cried the sisters, throwing themselves at her feet. "You who are so beautiful and good—can you ever forgive us?"

"I forgive you freely," said Cinderella. "I wish every one to be as happy as I am, and I hope that in future you will love me."

The page had rushed forth to tell the tidings.

"Sound your trumpet, Sir Herald," he called. "Sound your trumpet once more; for the Princess who was lost is found.'

Then Cinderella was married to the King's son; and the wedding festivities lasted for a week and a day.

"What is your real name, my dear?" asked the Prince, as they walked hand and hand under a bower of roses.

"I think," she said, looking up at him with happy eyes, "that people now and in time to come will always call me Cinderella."

And so we do.

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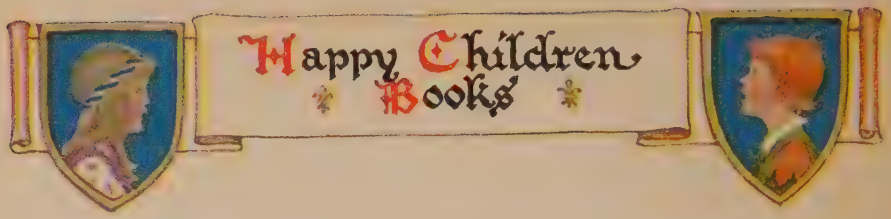

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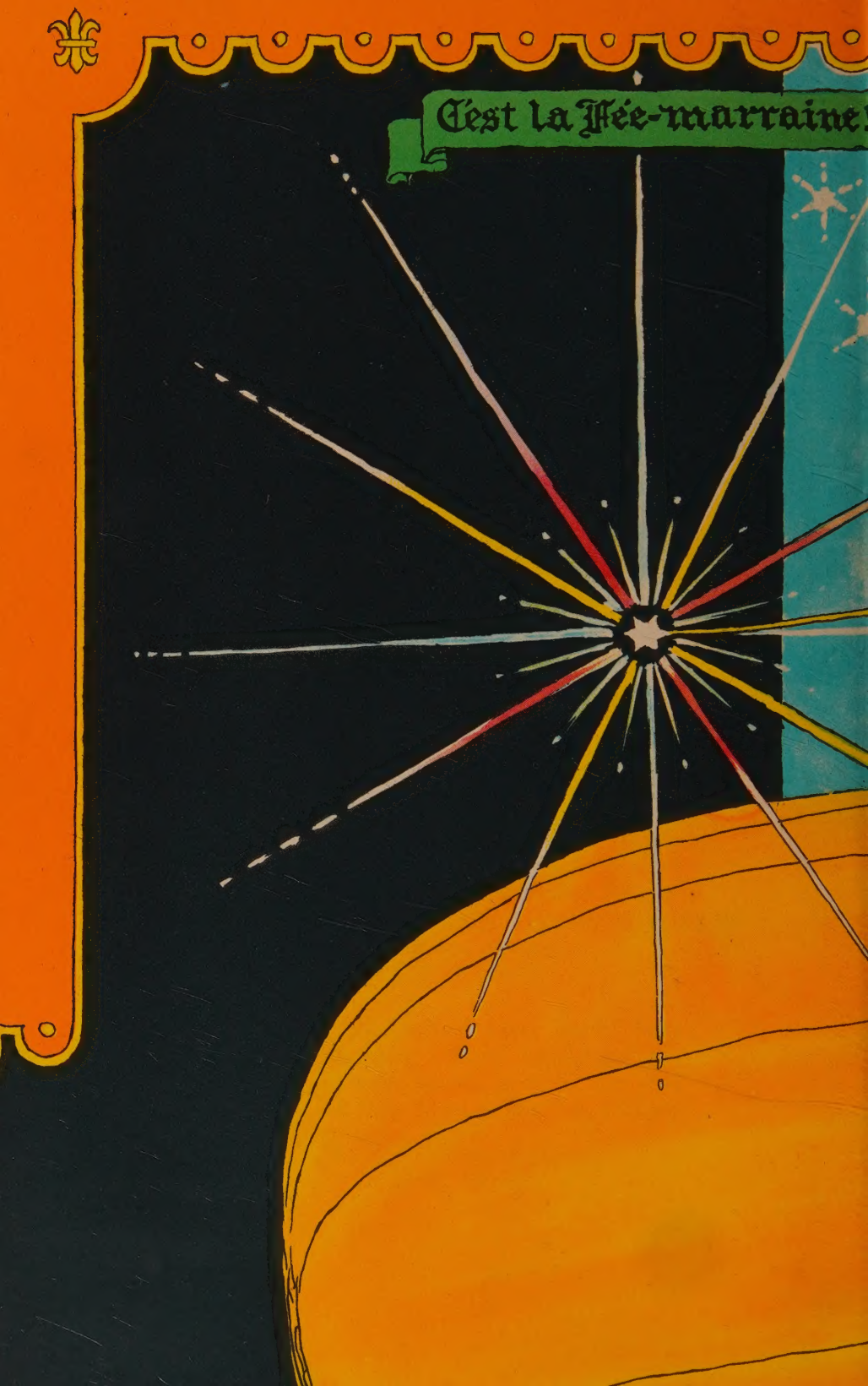
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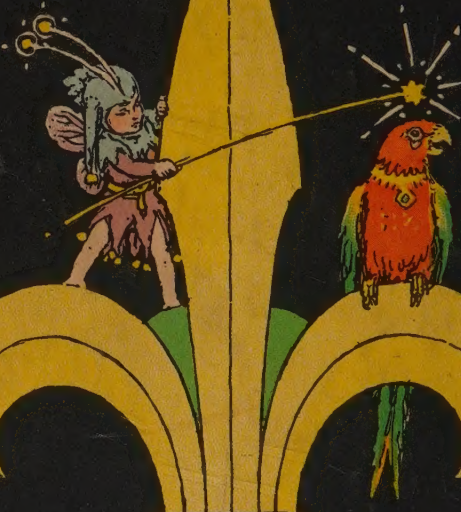

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